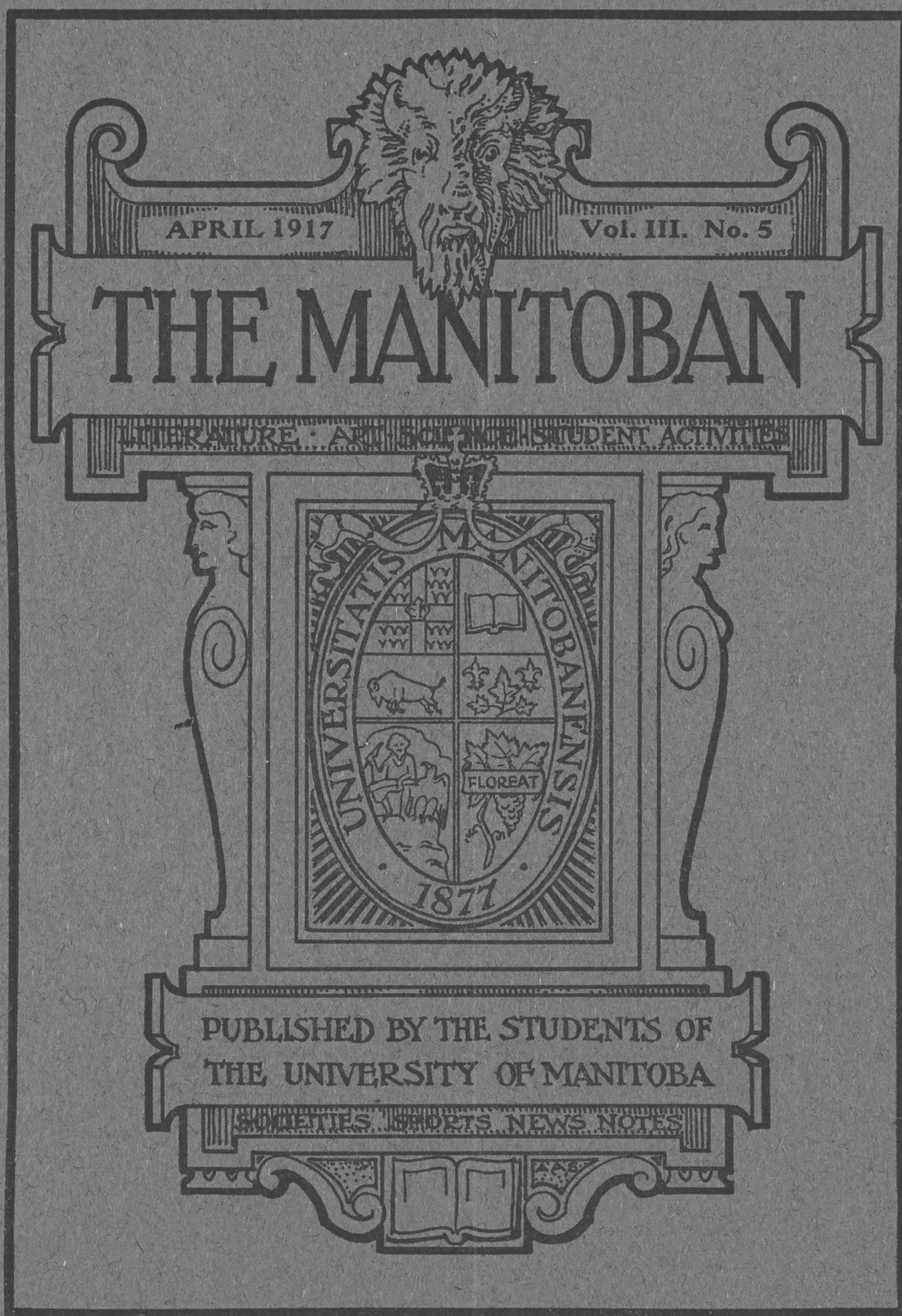


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THE MANITOBAN

A MONTHLY JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS REGISTERED FOR INSTRUCTION IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

VOL. III

WINNIPEG, APRIL, 1917

No. 5

Canadian Writers of Fiction

Dorothy Nichols

Agnes Laut observes that "England had only Canada's population when a Shakespeare and a Milton rose like stars above the world. Scotland and Ireland both have a smaller population than Canada and their ballads are sung all over the world." Why has Canada produced few great writers of fiction? In the Dominion of Canada there are towering mountains, fertile plains, vast forests, treacherous rapids and endless streams to inspire writers. The struggles of brave pioneers in untamed wildernesses and the fight which lasted for so many years for national existence offer excellent themes. Yet Canada has had a few great writers if only a few. Her literature, however, has been keeping pace with the growth of the country. She is yet young—as a British country she is only about one hundred and fifty years old. Then, too, her people have been pioneers, they have had forests to hew down, lands to till, homes and roads to build. It is scarcely to be expected, then, that her writers would be legion.

Although until recent years fiction has not held an important place in Canadian literature, Canada has had, and has today inspired writers in this field. While Samuel Richardson, the creator of this form of literature, still lived he had an imitator in the person of Mrs. Frances Brooke, the wife of a chaplain at Quebec in the days of Guy Carleton. Mrs. Brooke had the honor of writing the first Canadian novel, "The History of Emily Montague." It is a healthy romance depicting Canadian life and giving delightful pictures of its scenes. In 1832 the publication of "Wacousta" by Major John Richardson, gave the true start to Canadian fiction and he may claim the title of the first Canadian novelist. From 1801 until the outbreak of the War of 1813 he lived in Detroit, which had been the scene of many ghastly Indian combats and heroic deeds and "Wacousta" is a story based on the thrilling tales he had heard while living in that vicinity.

Chandler Haliburton (1796-1865) ranks as the best writer of British North America. A son of a Nova Scotia judge, he graduated from King's College and later became a barrister. There is only a thin thread of gold in his works but his characters are the most humorous and imaginative human beings of modern works; (one of them Sam Slick, taking rank with Dickens' Pickwick and Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn). Like Touchstone and other fools of Shakespeare, Sam Slick preaches wisdom through wit. Haliburton's important works are, "The Clockmaker," "Sam Slick in England," "Wise Saws and Modern Instances" and "Traits of American Humour."

I wonder how many have read these books. This writer was really the creator of a school of writers and Artemus Ward, Josh Billings and Mark Twain are Haliburton's imitators. A few quotations from his works will give my readers a taste of his fine humor. "You may stop a man's mouth by crammin' a book down his throat but you won't convince him." "A joke, like an egg, is never no good except it is fresh." "Whenever you make an impression on a man, stop, your reason and details may ruin you."

A novel which will undoubtedly hold a permanent place in Canadian romance is William Kirby's "Golden Dog," which soon attracted the attention of many writers to the excellent material available in Canada's past. William Kirby (1817-1906) was born at Kingston-upon-Hull but came to Canada as early as 1832. He was a thorough Canadian in spirit and always showed a deep interest in her history, this interest being manifest in his work, "The Annals of Niagara" and "The Golden Dog" made Kirby a founder of a school of which Sir Gilbert Parker is one of the most important representatives.

In 1890 Gilbert (afterwards Sir Gilbert) Parker began writing stories of Canadian life, past and present. This writer who occupies a high rank among writers of fiction was born in Camden East, Ontario, in 1860 and spent the first twenty-five years of his life in Canada. He has been a great traveller but the majority of his books breathe a Canadian atmosphere. In 1892 a volume of short stories, "Pierre and His People," appeared and in 1896 a strong novel was published—"The Seats of the Mighty." In this novel Parker proved himself a genius. The story is of the period of the Conquest of Quebec and it has a forceful plot, well-drawn characters and thrilling situations. In 1898 the author published "The Battle of the Strong," which was a decided improvement on the previous books and in its descriptions and character sketches are drawn truer to life than in any of his Canadian books. In Parker's masterpiece, "The Judgment House," which was published in 1912, he attained the heights.

More thoroughly Canadian in tone is the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, D.D., (Ralph Connor) who was born in 1860 at Indian Lands, Glengarry, Ontario. He was educated in Canada and has spent almost his whole life in the Dominion. In 1897 his first literary work entitled "Beyond the Marshes" appeared and in 1898 the publication of "Black Rock" won for him a high place among Canadian novelists. His style is terse and is

mingled with pathos and humor. "The heroes of Gordon's books, whether in the mines, or the lumber camps, in the pulpits or the prairies, are all fighting out that eternal fight for manhood, strong, clean and God-conquered." "The Foreign-er," which was published in 1909, is perhaps one of the most interesting of Ralph Connor's recent books. At times it is repulsive in its details but always powerful in its vivid descriptions. This writer's fame is now world-wide and visitors to Winnipeg always rise on Sunday morning in time to wend their way to St. Stephens Church to hear Ralph Connor preach.

Norman Duncan was born in Brantford, Ontario, in 1871. His "Soul of the Steel," a series of sketches, shows his genius for interpreting life. "Dr. Luke of the Labrador" has a distinct place in modern literature and is without a doubt Duncan's masterpiece. Canada laments his untimely death which occurred November, 1916.

Charles G. D. Roberts, a writer of animal stories and a poet was also a writer of fiction. In "The Raid from Beausejour," and "The Forge of the Forest," he has pictured the romantic period in Canadian history when the French were making their last struggle to keep the peninsula of Acadia, now called Nova Scotia. Roberts is without an equal in Canadian literature as a writer of descriptive prose. His pictures of the sea and his finely drawn landscapes are superior to anything of the kind by any other Canadian author.

Two men of the present, who rank high among Canadian writers are Robert Service and Stephen Leacock. But Robert Service's popularity is due more to his poetry than to his novels. Canada has a clever humorist in Stephen Leacock, whose

"Literary Lapses" and other clever sketches make the tears roll down your cheeks from laughing.

Now let us consider some of our modern women writers. Lucy Maud Montgomery first came before the reading public as a Canadian novelist in 1908 with her delightful book entitled "Anne of Green Gables." This book which astonished the public has won eulogies from such distinguished writers as Mark Twain who called it, "The sweetest Creation of child-life yet written." Other books by this authoress, "Anne of Avonlea," "Kilmeny of the Orchard" and "The Story Girl." Alice Jones, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia is one of our minor fiction writers. She won high rank in public esteem by her story, "A Hazard of Hearts." Joanne E. Woods has written seven novels of which the most important is "Judith Moore." All her works are artistically written and they show that she has an intimate acquaintance with early life in Canada. I include Nellie L. McClung among minor authoresses not because her books lack literary value but because they are few in number. Although born in Chatham, Ontario, she has lived the greater part of her life in Manitoba and in her three novels, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," "The Second Chance," and "The Black Creek Stopping House," she reveals a certain western buoyancy. She is witty, imaginative and excels in delineating character.

Canadian literature has a destiny certainly and without doubt fiction will play a prominent part in it. Today many of Canada's promising novelists are serving the Empire in the trenches, "Somewhere in France." Undoubtedly from those scenes of devastation and bloodshed, where heroic manhood is fighting to maintain the principles of civilization, inspiration will come for a greater literature than Canada has yet produced.

When the Curtain Rises To-night

John A. M. Edwards, '19

Has the spoken drama disappeared from the British and American stages? Has the motion picture screen become the field of the modern playwright? Has the vaudeville theatre grasped the products of the operatic writers, and has the present-day public voiced its total disapproval of the time-honoured four or five-act play? These, and other questions of a like nature cross the mind of the person who takes time to review the theatrical progress of the last fifteen years. We see the "new plays" becoming fewer and fewer every year; we see the great players of yesterday billed on vaudeville circuits; we see Miss Farrar, one of the greatest of present-day opera stars, appearing on the silent screen; we see Mary Pickford rising to fame, greater than that of many stage heroines, and most remarkable of all, we see Robert Mantell leaving the stage and going before the camera.

Grand opera, Shakespeare, everything seems to be forsaking the legitimate and going either to the photo-play theatre or to the variety stage. We ask ourselves what another ten years will bring forth, whether by that time a spoken dramatic offering will be found only in the one-act skit, shown between the trapeze trio in their death-defying

thrills, and the sleight-of-hand artist who finds eggs and vegetables in the hat of the stout gentleman in the box. Will the "movie" show take all the five-act dramas of days gone by, and exhibit them as ten-reel "screams" or "special features" for which the regular price of admission must be raised. To arrive at an accurate conclusion as to the destiny of the theatre we must take into consideration the history of the present day competitors of the legitimate stage. Have they come to stay, or will they eventually disappear and allow the drama to assert its position?

The history of musical comedy is an interesting one to look over for the solution of which we are in quest. This style of play is doubtless the closest substitute that now exists for the regular "all-speaking" offering. If we look back a few years it at once becomes evident that the high water mark of musical comedy was reached somewhere about 1912. This form of play literally swept the theatrical public along in a whirl of enthusiasm. For the space of a few seasons plays with catchy songs were the order of the day on both the English and American stages. Who has not heard of the "Quaker Girl," "A Modern Eve," "The Spring

Maid," "The Rose Maid," the "Prince of To Night," "The Pink Lady," and that world-celebrated "Chocolate Soldier?" Where did our popular songs and operatic numbers come from then? "My Hero," "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "Come to the Ball," will supply the answer. That world-famous waltz from the "Pink Lady" probably never escaped a single dance that took place during three or four seasons at this time. But a glance at present-day conditions reveals an entirely different state of affairs. Our popular songs are either patriotic pieces or songs entirely separate from any play. It is true that at the present time nearly all the plays on Broadway are musical comedies, but when have we heard of any having big runs on the "road?" What popular song do we know from a success of this season? It is doubtful if the average person could even give the name of such a play. It is evident then that musical comedy is not "all the rage," as it was a few seasons ago. Its growing unpopularity is probably owing, in a large extent, to public fickleness. But degeneracy of this type of drama is also to blame in a large way. Be this as it may, it is clear that one rival of the drama is on the road to disappearance. This rival will, of necessity, resolve itself into its components, and these are the opera and the drama.

The vaudeville problem can next be disposed of. This form of theatrical entertainment is now, apparently, running with enormous success and drawing the crowds that used to stand in line for the Shakespearian performances. Mme. Bernhardt travels over a big circuit, and other stars, of Broadway fame, roll in their salaries on the three-a-day. New theatres are constructed for the vaudeville artists, and the public raves over the one-act play, the dancing players, the music, the ventriloquist, and all the other varieties. Surely things look black enough for the legitimate stage. Surely the variety-craving public cannot be satisfied with the "sameness" of three or four consecutive acts of a spoken play? Possibly not, but will the vaudeville theatre keep its hold upon the public? Is the average vaudeville performance on the whole an exposition of art? Possibly so, but when people leave the theatre during a particularly disgusting act, Art is evidently a peculiar quantity which can be appreciated only by those with a sufficiently degraded sense of perception. Profanity is doubtless a form of art—at least so the "artists" of this stage think—and low-class re-

marks are also invariably delightful to the artistic taste. There are, unfortunately, however, a few who do not share the views on art which some of the vaudeville producers do. This number is liable to increase and then where will the variety stage be? Apparently it will not be in a particularly comfortable situation. It will see its long lines of would-be patronizers moving off to other theatres. Will vaudeville then become unprofitable? Without audiences we might presume that it would. The result would only be a short delay before the spare theatres could be converted into homes of the legitimate drama. That this will actually happen is not improbable.

Finally we come to the real bulwark of the forces opposing the legitimate drama—the motion picture theatre. It would be as absurd to condemn this form of entertainment and instruction as it would be to condemn the automobile or any other new invention. The "movie" film is a new invention and as such should be given a thorough trial before any decision is reached regarding its value. Within the past few years it has grown with remarkable rapidity and has quickly made itself a force in every town or village throughout the civilized world. As a means of instruction and education it is probably one of the greatest developments of the age, and as such should be encouraged in every possible way. But the motion picture has seemingly excluded the bounds of education and wholesome entertainment and elaborate censor boards are necessary to insure proper supervision. But the real question is whether or not the motion picture theatre is retaining its popularity. A few years ago small theatres were constructed by the hundreds for the housing of the audiences that flocked to see the pictures. But now scarcely any new theatres are being built and many of those already standing are being closed. Evidently the pictures, though they are not going into the discard—for no valuable invention does that—are getting out of the control of the theatrical world.

From the history of these three great rivals of the legitimate drama it seems to be evident that all three are rapidly waning in popularity. The great stars of former days who have lately been in vaudeville are gradually but surely returning to the stage. Mantell announces he will resume his interpretation of Shakespeare on the regular stage. The modern play-writers are being spoken of by the reviewers in glowing terms and we are just be-

To E.A.C.—A Translation

Ich sprach zur Sonne: "Sprich, was ist die Liebe?"

*Sie gab nicht Antwort, gab nur goldnes Licht.
Ich sprach zur Blume: "Sprich, was ist die Liebe?"*

Sie gab mir Düfte, doch die Antwort nicht.

Ich sprach zum Ew'gen: "Sprich, was ist die Liebe?"

*Ist's heil'ger Ernst? Ist's süsse Tändelei?"
Da gab mir Gott ein Weib, ein treues, liebes,
Und nimmer fragt' ich, was die Liebe sei.
—Emil Rittershaus.*

Quid sit Amor, dic, sol, auri splendore rubescens.

*Sol nil respondit: lux mihi sola data est.
Quid sit Amor, dicas, rosa, fragrantissime florum.*

Nil rosa: spiratus sed mihi suavis odor.

*Sit nugae, doceas, an Amor sit strenua vita,
Te postremo oro qui sine fine reges.*

Tum mihi pace Dei fida est data caraque conjux:

Nunc mihi non curae est quaerere quid sit Amor.

—F.W.C.

ginning to see that all the great dramatists do not belong to the past. All indications, then, seem to point to a great dramatic revival which we feel sure will take place in the near future. The present-day drama is not free from objectionable features but it is safe to say that the public having become tired of the other form of theatrical entertainment

will come to the stage and demand wholesome plays. That they will get them is certain and then the great twentieth century era of the drama will begin. Soon will come the day when the papers will be able to announce that the curtain rises to-night on a new modern play, uplifting, wholesome and attractive.

Our Russian Students

The two short articles that follow are by young Russians who are now students in our University. Their contributions reflect the keen interest with which they have followed the changing order of things in the Old Land, and bring the events of far-off Petrograd closer to the Canadian who has never been on the scene of the late revolution.—*The Editor.*

MARIA SPIRIDONOVA

By Donald Deneberg

Now that the drama of Russian life has passed its revolutionary climax, the people as a whole will have their say. The nation will reveal its true physiognomy in the elections to the constituent assembly. It is almost certain that Russia will become one of the most democratic republics

is symbolic of the marvelous devotion and self-denial of Russian womanhood. From a glance at her face one should think she was born for unselfish love and tender affections. Her hands were made for soft caresses. Who could think they were destined to strike a fatal blow? And yet they struck; they became the instruments of a people's retaliation.

It was after the defeat of the Russian Revolution and the Moscow Armed Rebellion of 1905 that the Government set to the task of avenging itself upon its rebellious subjects. To the Jewish people the famous method of "pogroms," which consisted in setting against them the hooligans and the "black hundreds," had been applied. In Caucasus and the Baltic Provinces, where the population consisted mainly of foreign nationalities, that method would not work, and the system of the so-called "Detachments of Chastisement" was to be employed. These were military flying detachments, despatched to the rebellious Provinces to work vengeance and murder. At the head of such a detachment was General Lubetski. Like a foreign foe he invaded the Baltic Provinces, and with furious rage avenged himself on the terrified population. Fire and murder were his messengers. The gloomy gallows, with dead bodies swinging in the stillness of pillaged villages, became a common sight. His method was simple. Arriving at a village he would order all the inhabitants, old men, women and children, to be drawn up in a line, and every fifth or tenth to be whipped or hanged as it suited his frenzy.

At that time Maria Spiridonova was a sixteen-years old high-school girl. Her father was a military general. Early, however, in her life, she became disgusted with the society wherein she lived, and gave herself up entirely for the people's cause. She joined the party of Socialist Revolutionists, and when General Lubetski was sentenced by the party to death she insisted upon being the executioner. She fired at him a few shots and killed him. She was arrested and handed over to the chief of police, and a colonel of gendarmes to hold the inquest. These were true specimens of the autocratic type, cruel and harsh. They invented the most refined instruments of torture for her soul and body. They tore her hair out of her head; they stripped her naked in a cold, unheated room, and snuffed their cigarettes on her body, bidding her to give



with a strong, if not prevailing, influence of the radical elements. Things will soon be restored to their normal conditions and the horrors of the old regime will be forgotten. But the names of those who took an active part in the heroic struggle will linger in the memory of the people. Among these names one of the foremost, dear to every Russian, is that of Maria Spiridonova. That name

the names of her associates. Nothing would avail; bravely and with unheard of steadfastness the little woman withstood the rack and refused to become a traitor to her cause. Her ferocious hangmen ceased only when they became tired of the torture. Sick and dying, her tender body one continuous wound, she was transported to one of the remotest and coldest corners of Siberia, where she had to be imprisoned for life. Reports soon reached the people that she contracted consumption and was on the verge of death. Stronger than death, however, was the spirit of that little woman. It was a miracle that she survived, survived her ruthless inquisitors and all the dark powers of Russia, and it is of some satisfaction to know that her persecutors were themselves sentenced to death and shot by the members of her own party. She lived long enough to feel the first sunbeams of Russian freedom striking her face. When the gates of the prisons were thrown open for Russia's noblest sons she was released and restored to life. The people met her with music of many military bands and brought her home with triumph and great rejoicing.

Maria Spiridonova is the flower of Russian womanhood; her name is being mentioned with admiration and awe by every Russian. Unspeakable are the joys of those, who live to see the triumph of their cause.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION AND THE RUSSIAN STUDENTS

By Charles Goorevitch

The news of the Russian Revolution arrived here most unexpectedly, and was welcomed by the Russian-born citizens and the English-speaking friends of Russia with unexpected joy.

The significance of this event cannot yet be fully appreciated, but it is doubtless a world-wide event.

The downfall of the "Czar of all the Russians" and the triumph of the Duma marks a new era for the Russian people as well as for Europe.

The very first consequences will be the increased efficiency of the Russian army. With the imprisonment of the traitors of Russia, such as Renenkampf, Suehombnoff, Protopopoff, Sturmer, and above all, the Czar himself, a better supply of ammunitions and food for the army will follow, and the Russian army, which has been purposely led to defeat since the beginning of the war, will finally show its real power.

A separate peace with Germany, which the Czar has been meditating under the influence of his German generals, is now impossible. The Russian people, to whom England and France are symbols of democracy, can never betray their allies. The triumph of the allies is the triumph of Russia.

Next in importance are the sweeping changes that will take place in the inner organization and life of Russia. The 150 million people who now inhabit Russia are now emerging from the middle ages of autocracy into the modern age of democracy. It is impossible to enumerate the changes that will take place. One must have been born in Russia under the old regime to understand fully the meaning of a "Free Russia."

But I started out to tell what connection there is between the Russian Revolution and the Rus-

sian students. Indeed, this aspect of the uprising interests us most.

I think I can safely say that the history of the Russian Revolution is the history of the Russian student bodies. The discontent with the Russian autocratic Government which has accumulated in the Russian people has always been voiced by the students. Beginning from the second half of the nineteenth century, the student bodies have been stimulating a movement to overthrow the monarchical Government. After several defeats they turned their attention to the working classes. They went into the masses. The organization of the factory workers and propaganda between the peasants has become their holy work.

The Government knew its dreadful enemy (for nothing could stop them, not even death), and with an efficient spy system, tried to stop the work. But in vain. Into the places of the thousands who had been shot, hanged and killed in the streets, into the places of tens of thousands who had been sent to Siberia, tens of thousands came to fill the ranks and to continue the work, the holy work for freedom.

Filled with joy over the great event, celebrating it together with the Russian people and the Russian students, I again mourn the death of the young heroes, who died for their people and country.

However, the happiness is too great to mourn long. Those who died have "done their bit" and those who live have yet their bit to do.

I am sending my congratulations to the Russian students, and I dare assure them, that the sympathies of the University of Manitoba students are with them; for myself I like to add, that I wish I was there now to enjoy the birth of a new Russia.

LOOK WHO'S HERE

Socialism received such a thorough drubbing from our Pol. Econ. professors this year that several students became interested enough to form a seminar for the study of socialist doctrine.

Four meetings were held this Spring. The topics were as follows:

"Socialism and Evolutionary Science."

W. B. Hawey, B.A. (Law, '19).

"Socialism and Religion."

G. W. White (Wesley, '19).

"Materialistic Conception of History."

D. Denenberg ('Varsity, '18).

"The Present War."

V. O. Watts (Wesley, '18).

The attendance varied from ten to twenty, and some very interesting discussions occurred.

At the last meeting it was decided to become a chapter in the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, an organization of student seminars throughout the American Universities.

Anyone interested may obtain more information from Magee (Arts, '18) or Watts (Wesley, '18).

Sk. to S.—"Where were you when the Almighty was dealing out hair?"

"Oh, I was there all right, but when he came my length he had nothing but red hair left and I declined with thanks."



MANITOBAN STAFF

Standing—J. S. Abel (Engineers); H. Shinbane (Science); Alex. Sinclair (Editor-in-Chief); R. Hugo (Circulation Manager); R. L. Harman (Pharmacy).
 Sitting—C. Dick (Assistant Business Manager); D. L. Durkin (Advisory Editor); Isabel Turnbull (Ladies); Dennis Warters (Business Manager).
 In Front—E. Kelsey (Athletics); H. R. McGee (Arts).

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Vol. III.

APRIL, 1917

No. 5

Editorial

The best wishes of *The Manitoban* go with the members of the graduating class just about to leave our halls to take the larger place in the world outside. The students who are *The Grads* so fortunate as to graduate during these years of storm and stress go out under a burden of responsibility the equal of which no graduates have ever before assumed in this country. The problems to be met and solved—if solved at all—by these who have completed their four years of training will be staggering and will demand the most heroic and resourceful application. Our most cordial wishes go with class '17 and our best hopes for success in the future.



With this number of *The Manitoban* the curtain is rung down on the work of the editorial staff of 1916-'17. The year has not been all pleasantness, though it would be a mistake to suppose that there was less pleasure than joy in the work. The staff as constituted last Fall got away to a very uncertain start owing to late reorganization and the difficulty of trying to adopt an old institution to new conditions. Considering the amount of adjustment that was necessary throughout the year the wonder is not that we hadn't a better journal but that we had any at all. It has been simply impossible to carry out all the suggestions that have been offered or to give ear to all the criticisms. Much of the discussion has been constructive and helpful and it is the hope of the returning staff that their work next year will successfully embody many of the valuable suggestions which we pass on.

To our advertisers we are especially indebted. In a year when business conditions have been extremely strenuous their support has been generous and substantial.

To our many contributors we take this opportunity to express our thanks. Much meritorious material came to our hands that was not available on account of space or the make up scheme which was followed.

Our hope, in retiring, is to see each succeeding year a better year in the history of *The Manitoban*

until at last we shall have a journal that will thoroughly represent the life of Manitoba University and adequately articulate the interests of the students.



The pressure of work and the scarcity of space have made it impossible to give any adequate account of the baccalaureate sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Christie on Sunday night, April 8, in Westminster Church. Dr. Christie's pleading for a recognition of the sacredness of personality was eminently fitting for the occasion and the vigorous, virile presentation gave to the message of the evening an appeal that was vital and lasting. The members of the Faculty and the students were out in full force, academic costume being the order of the evening.



Since our last issue there have appeared on the lists of Canadian casualties names of young men whose places in the great struggle have been anxiously watched by many of us who are closely associated with the University. On April 12, news came of the death of Capt. W. Guild, a former graduate of the University, an athlete of some note and a man who, by his fine qualities and strong personality, won for himself a host of friends during his undergraduate days in old 'Toba.

Last week Prof. Jolliffe received word of the death of his only brother, who had been in action only three weeks. He was only twenty-three years of age and was in his Third Year at Toronto University. He went overseas last September and had been in France but seven weeks.

Mr. James Chalk, the janitor of the University, learned last week that his son, W. J. Chalk, a member of the Royal Flying Corps and a former graduate from St. John's College, was listed among the missing.

To the friends of these young heroes *The Manitoban* wishes to express its sympathy with them in these days of trial.



Two short articles in this number of *The Manitoban* are the contributions of two of our students who began life in Russia. They are both interesting in that they give us a closer view of a great movement that, in the very nature of the case, is bound to seem somewhat remote from the most of us. To the twelve thousand or so Russian Jews in the city of Winnipeg the news of the overthrow of the Czar and his ministry came as a thrilling announcement. That the event was of some special significance to us as a University was recognized by the Faculty in the cablegram dispatched to Paul Miliukov, foreign minister of the new Russian cabinet, conveying the congratulations of the University Faculty to the men of the new regime. The Russian revolution was a movement in which the students of the country played a very large part. The two special articles, then, will be of more than passing interest.

Howard, Noble, Buckingham, Stewart, Willet, Simpson and Sutherland are perfectly delighted with Zimm's lessons—and the stenographer.

University of Manitoba Honor Roll

This list is not complete. It includes only those whose addresses we have been able to obtain, and to whom the Club has written. The Club welcomes new addresses, and the names and addresses of any not mentioned.

No.	Name	Battalion	Address	No.	Name	Battalion	Address
229337	Allan, Lieut. D. J.	14th Reserve Batt.	Dibgate Camp, Shorncliffe, Eng.	153557	Long, Pte. Thos. McKay	M2-M.T.A.S.C. Attd. 1st Can. Corps, H.A.	Canadian Siege Park, B.E.F., France
531673	Anderson, Sergt. J. W.	17th Machine Gun Co. (Can.)	Whitley Camp, Surrey, England	523940	Lovatt, Pte. Chas. W.	12th Field Amb. (Can.), B.E.F.	France
460671	Andrews, Lieut. A. H. J.	"C" Sec., 11th C.F.A., B.E.F.	France	910040	McCullagh, Pte. Eric M.	"A" Co., 196th Batt.	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.
	Andrews, Lieut. A. H. J.	10th Can. Inf. Batt., B.E.F.	France	910739	McDonald, Pte. Thos. A.	"C" Section, XI Can. Field Amb., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Armes, Capt. H. P.	50th Batt., B.E.F.	France	531780	Madelin, Pte. C. E.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.
542121	August, Pte. Wm. H.	Can. Reserve Cyclists	Seaford, Sussex, Eng., c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.	4802	McFadden, Pte. C. H.	3rd Draft, C.A.S.C.T.D.	Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Baird, Lieut. A. S.	14th Reserve Batt., B.E.F.	Chisleiden, Wilts, Eng.	237	Magrath, Pte. Miles	3rd Draft, C.A.S.C.T.D.	Shoreham-by-the-Sea, Sussex
89668	Baranger, Bdr. F. D.	26th Batt. Y. C.F.A.	France	910046	McIntyre, Pte. Stewart S.	C.A.D.C., No. Lines	Army P.O., London, Eng.
551809	Barrett, Pte. F. G.	"A" Squadron, L.S.H. (R.C.)	France	541406	McKinley, Pte. Stan. W.	Can. Cyclists Reserves	Chisleiden Camp, Wilts, Eng.
910033	Battershill, Sgt. C. A.	Machine Gun Sec., 196th Batt.	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.		McKnight, Pte. O. F.	34th Fort Garry Horse	Agricultural College, Winnipeg
531659	Best, Corp. C. T.	11th F. Amb. (Can.)	c/o Army P.O., London	910114	McLean, Pte. H. D.	196th Batt., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.
910042	Black, Pte. Colin F.	"A" Co., 196th Batt.	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.		McLean, Lieut. M. S.	17th Reserve Batt.	Branshot Camp, Hants, Eng.
551815	Bloomer, Trooper Jos. A.	L.S.H. (R.C.)	7th Can. Cav. Brigade, c/o Army P.O., London		McLean, Lieut. M. S.	Ex Pension and Claim's Board	86 Strand, Room 216, London, Eng.
531692	Bodle, Pte. C. J.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.	500806	McMillan, Pte. C. J.	3rd Army Troop Co., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Boswell, Lieut. Jno. W.	8th Batt. (Can.), B.E.F.	France	875311	Martin, Corp. B. C.	Can. Engineers	Crowborough, Sussex, Eng.
521018	Bowman, Pte. Harry I.	5th Can. General Hospital, C.A.	France	541401	Matheson, Lieut. E. H.	"C" Co., Can. M.G. Depot	Chisleiden Camp, Wilts, Eng.
541388	Boyd, Pte. T. H.	Scout Sec., 75th Batt. (Can.), B.E.F.	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.	535787	Mathew, Corp. Norman J.	Can. Cyclist Reserve	Bishop's Court, Winnipeg
910008	Brown, Pte. Harvey R.	"A" Co., 196th Batt.	France	1250564	Mawhinney, Gunner W. G.	9 Overseas Draft, A.M.C. Training Depot 10, C.E.F.	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910088	Bryers, Lance Corp. B. H.	Sig. Sec., 196th Batt., C.E.F.	Seaford, Eng.	532191	Mezies, Pte. Alex. M.	12th Field Amb. Corps, C.E.F.	France
	Brock, Flight Officer C. G.	R.N.A.S.	Seaford, Eng.	234031	Miller, Sergt. Arthur F.	18th Reserve Batt.	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.
910034	Brock, Lieut. Henry W.	226th Batt.	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.	910134	Miller, Sergt. W. H.	19th Reserve Batt.	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.
234050	Buchanan, Pte. W. S.	196th Batt. (Can.)	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.	956	Mitchell, Lieut. C. N.	Can. Engineers, B.E.F.	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Buchanan, L. Corp. T. J. L.	18th Reserve Batt. (Can.)	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.	532253	Mitchell, Pte. H. G.	12th Field Amb.	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Cameron, Lieut. Jno. S.	44th Batt. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.	874420	Mitchell, Pte. Leland S.	19th Machine Gun Co., 5th Can. Divisin.	Witley Camp, Surrey, Eng.
531728	Cavanagh, Lieut. A. L.	107th Batt., C.E.F., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	910112	Moir, Pte. S. J.	196th Batt.	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
551820	Childerhose, Pte. S. A.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.	531751	Mollard, Pte. Wm. M.	Sec. A, 11th Can. Field Amb.	Queen Mary's Military Hospital, Lancashire, Eng.
291139	Churchill, Pte. G. M.	L.S.H. (R.C.) Can. Cav. Brigade, B.E.F.	France		Montgomery, Lieut. C. S.	26th Batt. Y. 7th Brigade, C.F.A., B.E.F.	France
45023	Collins, Corp. W. S.	203rd Batt., Machine Gun Sec.	Crowborough, Sussex	531725	Morgan, Lieut. E.	43rd Batt., Camerons, C.E.F.	France
875060	Cooper, Pte. Geo.	3rd Field Co., Can. Eng., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Morison, Pte. H.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Cooper, Pte. J. A.	8th Can. Batt., B.E.F.	France		Morton, Corp. H. A.	Sig. Sec. 196th Batt. B.E.F.	Halifax, N.S.
531679	Cooper, Pte. Jno. E.	"A" Co., 27th Batt. (Can.) B.E.F.	France		Munroe, Sergt. Calder	10th Fortress Co., C.E.	Halifax, N.S.
710	Cooper, Pte. R. Allan	2nd Field Amb., C.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Munroe, Lieut. Jas. C.	73rd Batt., B.E.F.	France
3204	Cowan, Sap. E. C.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.	234044	Murray, Corp. Benj. M.	6 Coy., 18th Reserves, C.E.F.	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.
500759	Cowan, C. Corp. E. C.	Can. Army Ordnance Corps	Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg	531731	Musgrove, Corp. W. M.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910049	Craigton, Pte. J. M.	2nd Western General Hospital	Army P.O., London, Eng.	910119	Mutch, Pte. H. G.	196th Batt.	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
500289	Crook, Sgt. Philip	C.A.S.C., M.T.T.D.	Lily Lane, Moston, Manchester, Eng.	910086	Mutch, Pte. Leslie A.	"A" Co., 196th Batt., C.E.F.	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.
500290	Crook, Cadet Wm. Hy.	Can. Engineers, T. Depot	Shorncliffe, Eng.		Nicholson, Lieut. M. S.	251st O.S. Batt., C.E.F.	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910041	Cross, Pte. Jesse E.	Can. Engineers, T. Depot	Crowborough, Eng.	532195	Norman, Pte. Graeme	12th Can. Field Amb., B.E.F.	France
910136	Cuddy, L. Corp. W. A.	1st C.M.R., B.E.F.	France		Norton, Corp. J.	Nineteen Sanatorium	Ninette, Man.
910013	Cumming, Pte. A. G.	Can. Reserve Cyclists	Chisleiden Camp, Wiltshire, Eng.	910001	Oddlafson, Sergt. A. G.	"A" Co., 19th Reserve Batt	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.
910043	Cumming, Corp. Wm. C.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	5592	O'Reilly, Corp. R. H.	Can. Eng.	c/o Lothead, Esq., 37 Horsley Hill, South Shields, Eng.
910103	Cunningham, L. Corp. Ed. R.	No. 4. Casualty Clear. Station	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.		Pack, Pte. D.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Dalziel, Lieut. Wm. J.	217th Batt.	Orpington, A.P.O., London, Eng.	531737	Parsons, Trooper R. C.	L.S.H. (R.C.)	Sackville Barracks, New Brunswick
910094	Darby, Lieut. N. J.	3rd Can. Labor Batt., B.E.F.	France	2298341	Paterson, Sergt. Lamont	196th Batt.	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
500114	Davies, Pte. V. R.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	910208	Peake, Pte. W. H.	"C" Co., Can. Machine Gun Depot	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
304642	Dickson, Sapper W. J.	Div. Sig. Co., C.E.T.D., R.E., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	874254	Pigott, Pte. Henry	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Crowborough, Sussex, Eng.
	Dolmage, Bdr. Jno. D.	46th Batt. Y. 11th Brigade, D.E.	France	531729	Pincock, Pte. T. A.	37th Field Batt., Can. Field Artillery	c/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910158	Driscoll, Pte. W. E.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Pitblado, Lieut. Ed. B.	"B" Co., No. 8 Officers' Cadet Batt.	Whittington Barracks, Litchfield, Staffordshire, England
910096	Dunn, Pte. W. J. G.	196th Batt., C.E.F.	Seaford, Sussex		Richardson, Cadet W. R.		
874008	Durnin, Gunr. R. W.	2nd Can. Heavy Batt.	Avington Park, Winchester, Hants, Eng.				
	Duxbury, Pte. C. B.	Machine Gun Sec., 196th Batt.	Seaford, Sussex				
910115	Dyson, Lieut. G. H.	54th Batt., C.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.				

511562	Easton, Lieut. L.	Can. Eng., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	234003	Ridd, Sergt. John E.	No. 6 Co., 18th Reserve Bat.	Seaford, Sussex, England
	Easton, Bomb. Milton	28th Batt., C.F.A.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	523663	Rivers, Pte. Harold	No. 2 Can. Stationary Hospital, B.E.F.	France
	Ellerby, Driver Har. B.	Hdqs. Co., 4th Can. Div. Train, C.A.S.C., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Robinson, 2nd Lieut. N. T.	3rd Batt., Middlesex Reg't, B.E.F.	Salonika
	Evans, Capt. A. E. A.	13th Batt., Northumberland Fusiliers, B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	551861	Roblin, Trooper R. G.	L.S.H., 1st Can. Cav. Brigade, B.E.F.	France
874203	Evans, Pte. V.	No. 11, C.A.S.C., Mech. Sec., M. Transports	Winnipeg		Ross, Flight Sub-Lieut. R. N.		C/o N.A.S. Mail Office, Randall House, Charing Cross Rd., London, Eng.
	Evelyn, W. F. D.	"C" Co., Machine Gun Depot	Crowborough, Sussex				C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
461099	Feathershaugh, Lieut. Field, Pte. Sam. B.	Can. Engineers, B.E.F.	France	531750	Rowland, Sub-Lieut. D. S.	R.N.A.S.	St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.
	Finlayson, Capt. R. K.	Machine Gun Sec., 7th Batt. Can., B.E.F.	France	531750	Ryall, Pte. C. S.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Jesuit College, Oxford, Eng.
			33 York Place, Oxford Rd., Manchester, Eng.		Ryall, Pte. E. J.	11th Can. Field Amb., Can. Sec. Contingent B.E.F.	Chiseldon Camp, Wiltshire, Eng.
511511	Fleming, Thos. P.	2nd Co., 4th Can. Div. Train, B.E.F.	France	229399	Sapte, Pte. B.	Can. Convalescent Home	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
531674	Foreman, Pte. E.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	France	910038	Sayer, Flight Lieut. C. M.	Can. Reserve Cyclists	
	Fortin, Major C. E., M.D.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Scarlett, Corp. Earle P.	Dis. Sig. Co., C.E.F.D., Shorncliffe	
	Fowler, Corp. A. Murray	60th Overseas Batt., C.F.A., 15th Brigade	Witley Camp, Milford, Eng.		Seale, Sapper P. F.		
910044	Fraser, Pte. A. W.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	234035	Seale, Lieut. P. F., R.E.	227th Field Co., 29th Division, Royal Engineers, B.E.F.	Seaford, Sussex, England
531744	Fraser, Pte. D. S.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.	910058	Schandel, Sergt. Wm.	No. 6 Co., 18th Training Reserve, 196th Batt.	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
874051	Frith, Corp. L. E. C.	Signal Base, 2nd Can. Reserve Brigade	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Schulman, Pte. L.	Royal Flying Corps	St. Patrick's Hall, Reading, Eng.
			Digbate, Eng.		Scott, Lieut. Stewart	78th Batt., Can. Infantry Brigade B.E.F.	France
	Garton, Lieut. M. H.	Granville Can. Special Hospital, Ramsgate, Eng.	France	292459	Shanks, Pte. G. L.	Can. Discharge Depot	Brixton, Derbyshire, Eng.
910055	Gibb, Pte. D. F.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	531735	Shompson, Pte. H. E.	"A" Co., Sixth Depot	Oxford, Eng.
910047	Gillies, Pte. McLeod	"A" Co., 196th Batt., C.E.F.	Seaford, Sussex	531735	Sommerville, Pte. A. N.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
874206	Glover, Pte. Jno. E.	M.G.S. 184th Batt., C.E.F.	Crowborough, Sussex	910152	Smith, Corp. C. R.	196th Batt.	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910124	Graham, C.S.M.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Spear, Flight Sub-Lieut. R. E.	R.N.A.S.	C/o R.N.A.S. Dpt., Randall House, Charing Cross Rd., London, Eng.
531753	Good, Pte. H. S.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Staples, Lieut. G. J.	2nd Field Co., Can. Eng. Div., B.E.F.	France
531748	Grigg, Pte. G.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.	2000193	Staples, Pte. Lawrence E. L.	S.H. (R.C.)	Somerset Barracks, Shorncliffe, Kent, Eng.
2293325	Gunn, Lieut. Cecil H.	22nd Batt., C.E.F., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	541772	Sterling, Sapper John	11th Field Co., Can. Engineers, B.E.F.	France
	Gunn, Pte. W. G.	L.S.H. (R.C.)	Somerset Barracks, Shorncliffe, Eng.		Stevenson, Pte. R. L.	2nd Field Co., Can. Eng., B.E.F.	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
531691	Hall, Pte. H.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.	551869	Stewart, Pte. G. K.	L.S.H., Can. Cav. Depot	France
531745	Hamilton, Pte. T. W.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.	531738	Straith, Pte. W. T.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
531749	Harney, Pte. J. M.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Summerscales, Sapper R. W.	Can. Eng., B.E.F.	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
531732	Henry, Lieut. W. Brock	226th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	234014	Swan, Sergt. J. S. S.	44th Batt. (Can.), B.E.F.	France
148473	Hepworth, Pte. C. W.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Tait, Lieut. Victor	City of London Regt., P.O. Rifles, C.A.M.C., B.E.F.	Paignton, Devon, Eng.
	Herron, Pte. Albert L.	"A" Co., 78th Batt., Can. Cont., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	523674	Tapp, Pte. Lynford C.	27th Can. Batt., B.E.F.	France
5413989	Hicks, Lieut. E. D.	Royal Flying Corps	Chiseldon Camp, Wilts, Eng.	541412	Taunton, Major A. J.	Platoon 6, Can. Reserve Cyclists	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910091	Hinch, Pte. R. D.	6th Plat., Can. Reserve Cyclists	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Thompson, Pte. John F.		C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910056	Holloway, Pte. Jno. L.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	910090	Tobias, Pte. Herbert	196th Batt.	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Hurd, Capt. Burton W.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	531690	Tobias, Lieut. W. V.	54th Batt., Can. B.E.F.	France
535801	Ireland, Pte. Erskine W.	No. 4, Can. Casualty Clear. Station	Army P.O., London, Eng.	152192	Tomkins, Pte. H. S.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910095	Irving, Pte. J. C.	Sig. Sec., 196th Batt., C.E.F., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Turnock, Pte. C. W.	C.A.S.C. Motor Transfer Co., B.E.F.	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910010	Jackson, Pte. G. H.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	Chiseldon Camp, Wilts, Eng.		Urie, Lieut. H. R.	Tunnelling Co., Can. Eng., 1st Can. Cont., B.E.F.	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
531696	Jackson, Pte. J. L.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	460641	Van Vliet, Pte. W. B.	3rd Batt. (Can.), B.E.F.	France
910117	Jenkins, Pte. W. E.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Verner, Lieut. J. D.	43rd Batt., Camerons, C.E.F.	France
	Johannsson, Lieut. A. L.	223rd Batt., C.E.F.	Portage la Prairie	513676	Wallon, Pte. J. M.	11th Field Amb., 648 Co., Motor Transport Army Service Corps	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Johanneson, Pte.	223rd Batt., C.E.F.	Winnipeg			British East African E. Force	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910092	Johnston, Lieut. B.A.	46th Batt., 4th Div. Can., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	529670	Wannop, Pte. G. G.	No. 648 Co., M.T., A.S.C., B.E.F.	Brit. East Africa
460549	Johnson, Pte. I. C.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.	153490	Watson, Pte. H. G.	F.	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Johnson, Pte. E. E.	18th Reserve Batt.	Digbate Camp, Shorncliffe, Eng.	910037	Weldon, Cadet Joseph A.	(Can.) O.T.C., C.M.S.	France
	Jones, Lieut. W. E.	R.F.C., 11th Squadron	Adastral House, London, Eng.	460664	Wherrett, Pte. J. C.	44th Batt. (Can.), B.E.F.	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Jull, Lieut. W. K.	18th Reserve Batt.	Digbate Camp, Shorncliffe, Eng.	531656	Williams, Sergt. S. S.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
425629	Kerr, Pte. J. D.	43rd Batt., Cameron Highlanders, B.E.F.	France		Williams, Pte. A. S.	6th Reserve Draft No. 1, C.A.S.	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
531741	Kitchen, Pte. H. D.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	France	216213	Wills, Sergt. Arthur D.	"A" Co., 11th Can. Reserve Batt.	St. Martin's Plains, Shorncliffe, Kent, Eng.
910009	Knight, Corp. R. G.	"A" Co., 196th Batt.	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.				
874248	Knox, Pte. W. M.	184th Batt.	St. Martin's Plains, Kent, Eng.	531654	Wilson, Capt. N. R.	196th Batt.	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
874706	Krupse, Pte. M. G.	27th Can. Batt., B.E.F.	France	531730	Winkler, Pte. H. W.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910006	Lane, Pte. R. S.	"A" Co., 196th Batt., Machine Gun Sec.	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.		Wood, Pte. W. J.	11th Field Amb. (Can.)	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
910005	Lawrence, Pte. L.	19th Batt., 5th Brig., C.F.A.	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Woodman, Capt. F. V.	Flight Commander, R.N.S.A.	Randall House, 39 Charing Cross Rd., London, Eng.
86879	Leathers, Bomb. F. J.	196th Batt.	Army P.O., London, Eng.		Wooton, Gunner F. E.	1st Batt., C.F.A., Can. Div., France	C/o Army P.O., London, Eng.
	Lee, Lieut. Geo. H.	R.N.A.S. Mail Office	Randroll House, 39 Charing Cross, London, Eng.	910045	Wright, Pte. Thos. G.	"A" Co., 196th Batt., C.E.F.	Seaford, Sussex, Eng.
	Leslie, Flight Sub. Lieut. N.W.	2nd Sig. Co., 2nd Div., B.E.F.	Army P.O., London, Eng.				
181	Levinson, Driver H.						

Mrs. Walker's Notes on the University Players

We publish herewith Mrs. C. P. Walker's valuable criticism of the work of the students who took part in the production of the four one-act plays given under the auspices of the University Dramatic Society this season. The letter was written to the members of the Society and was not originally intended for publication but by special arrangement the criticism, which is a valuable one, was procured for *The Manitoban*.

The Editor.

Winnipeg, Man., March 22, 1917

To the Members of the University of Manitoba
Dramatic Society,

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Dear "Folks:—"

You have asked me for a critical review of your Annual Theatrical production, given at the Walker Theatre, on Friday and Saturday evenings, Feb. 23 and 24. If you will accept the review I handed around the evening of the second performance in order that you might know your good and bad points as I saw them the night before, here it is "boiled down."

First of all, permit me to thank you one and all for the earnest attention and intelligent effort during the rehearsals.

Then, let me express my thanks to Miss Jones-Smith for her fine reading of the prologues. She gave the lines a dignity and value I did not dream they possessed.

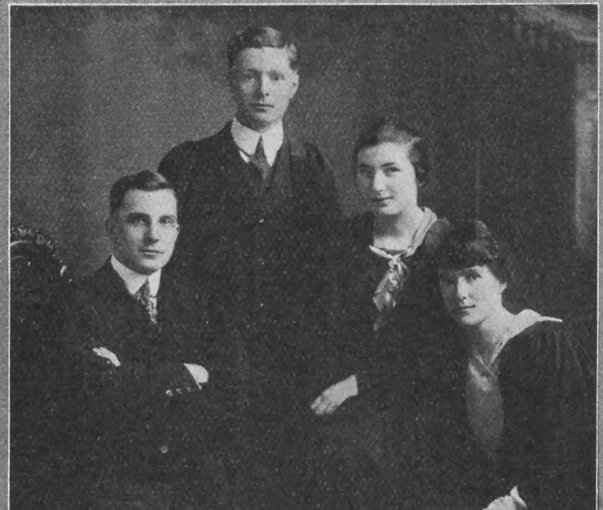
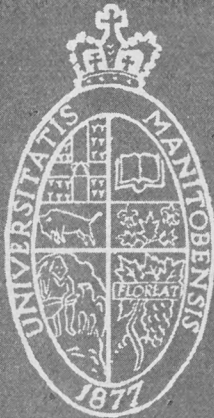
Miss Pearl Driscoll in "The Neighbors" gave an even and consistent portrayal of "Grandma," and looked the dear old lady.

Miss Elfleda Bingeman's characterization of "Mis' Abel" from the very first showed that she had given much thought to it. She acted with spirit.

Mr. Abel showed distinct dramatic ability as "Peter." He caught the slowness of the bashful young man well, but occasionally lost a point by lapsing into too casual a delivery of his speeches.

Miss Lily McCullough's musical voice and pleasing appearance fitted the role of "Inez," but she lacked responsiveness and animation.

Miss Dorothy Colcleugh as "Mis' Moran" played a comedy character part very neatly, working out the effects herself, having but few sug-



THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Cast of "The Twelve-Pound Look."
Cast of "The Golden Doom."

Cast of "Sabotage."
Cast of "The Neighbors."

gestions from the director. I consider that she added much to the success of the play.

Miss Eunice Leslie also showed true comedy spirit as "Mis' Trot, although she was inclined at times to be a bit afraid to "overdo" in voice and gestures.

Miss Tannis Carson was distinctly good as the forlorn and heart-hungry "Mis' Ellsworth."

The "team" work of the company in this play merits especial commendation.

The stage setting, considering that only the regular theatre scenery was used, was very good down to the little details of the country kitchen. Mr. T. W. B. Hinch and the other young men in charge of the stage settings and properties must be credited with great care in this and the other plays.

* * *

In "Sabotage" Mr. Harold Pilling looked the nervous and excitable French labor agitator, and acted with earnestness.

Miss Rowena Brownstone as "Angele" displayed rare emotional ability in one so young, and when she recovered from the nervousness of the first performance gave a portrayal that promises much for the future.

Miss Nellie Edwards looked the sympathetic "Madame Raube" and acted with commendable simplicity.

Mr. H. P. McPhail was too slow of speech and over-anxious to have all the surgical details of the operation on the child correct, all of which tended to lessen the tension at the critical time, and so the strength of the play.

Little Cecilia Brownstone took her task of being ill seriously and did all she could to help the play to success.

The stage director handled the lights very well and again the setting was as good as it could be without special scenery.

* * *

"The Twelve-Pound Look," Mr. J. D. Suffield, as "Sir Harry Sims," brought out all of Barrie's satire on the type of man who thinks himself a great success in everything—even the management of his wife.

Miss Elsie Trescott was a beautiful picture in the handsome gown and played the part of "Lady Sims" in the spiritless way demanded by the author.

Miss Dorothy Colcleugh acted earnestly as "Kate" but comparing her work in this play and in "The Neighbors," I am of the opinion her forte is character delineation rather than so-called "straight" parts.

Mr. C. C. Stewart in no way realized the role of the butler, Toombes, which was really a clever comedy bit.

Once more one may say the stage manager did very well as regards scenery with what was available.

* * *

In "The Golden Doom," Clifford Dick, as Mr. King, was dignified and graceful, and read Dunsany's beautiful and poetical lines musically and well.

Ralph Foster possesses a good voice but lacks initiative on the stage. He was very painstaking as the Chamberlain.

Charles Uhrich's voice is one of exceptional

resonance and carrying quality, and he used it with fine effect in reading the impressive lines of the Chief Prophet of the Stars. To Mr. Uhrich's acting and reading may be attributed a large measure of the success of the play.

Dorothy Nichols played the Girl with just the right ingenuousness and Edith Gray put just the right arrogance into the bearing and tone of the boy. Both young ladies looked "cute."

Abe Hollenberg and M. S. Hollenberg deserve special praise for their carefully studied and well-acted sentinels. Upon them, Mr. Dick, Mr. Uhrich and the Misses Nichols and Gray fell the heaviest acting of the play and they all acquitted themselves splendidly.

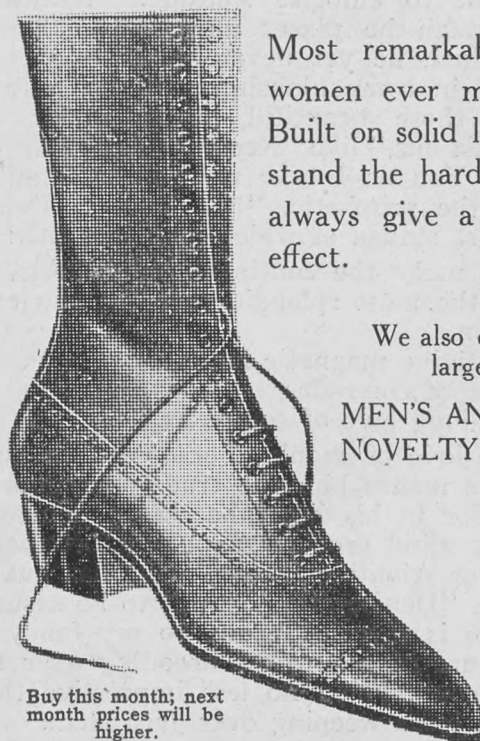
The minor rolls of the Spies, Two Prophets, The Stranger, and the Attendant of the Prophets were carefully played by Messrs. Pilling, Elmir Patterson, Roy Fraser, Mark Trueman, Jonas Sampson, and Cecil Corrigan respectively.

The scenery and costumes were as nearly alike those of the Portmanteau production as it was possible to get them as to design—the colorings may have been different in some instances.

In closing, I would like to say a word of appreciation of the work of Mr. G. A. Lauman, the Stage Director, whose untiring patience and constant attendance at rehearsals, prompt book in hand helped the young players to learn the lines and business of the four plays.

Next season I trust it will be my pleasure and privilege to assist in producing an original play by one of the University Students. *H. A. Walker.*

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Concerning Walt Whitman

George White

"An Englishman lecturing in America," writes Horace Traubel, "Once remarked, 'Continental European Bohemia knows only two places in America, and they are not New York and Chicago. No, they are Camden and Concord.'" We, over here, are perhaps more familiar with the latter, and even with those of us of whom this is not quite true, it is a matter of taste that we prefer it. This then, by your leave, is an appreciation of Camden in terms of Concord.

The philosophy of Concord expressed in the writings of Emerson, who may be taken as its central figure, is briefly this: The independence and unity of man; the total equipment of the individual; the conception of the past as an "old clothes" repository and hence the necessity for cutting loose from it; and the contemplation of civilization as a final harmony with nature.

The philosophy of Camden, as expressed in Walt Whitman, save in one regard, is essentially the same. But whereas Emerson tactfully creates a personality—the poet Osman—and makes it speak for him, Whitman comes out frankly with the personal pronoun, first person singular. Emerson is forgiven, so also Isaiah with his "Thus saith the Lord!" But when Whitman gives us the "Songs of Myself" with such lines as,

"Why should I pray? Why should I venerate and be ceremonious?" and later,

"I know I am august,

"I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood." We say he has committed the unpardonable!

The one difference in philosophy is this. Emerson ceased not to eulogise solitude. Whitman, however, although he places all possible dignity on the individual, he yet never ceases to picture the ideal man in companionship with his fellows. So we have those beautiful poems under the caption of "Calamus," like "Recorder Ages Hence," "What Think You as I take my pen in hand to record," and the prophetic, "For You, O Democracy," the first stanza of which goes like this:

"Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever
shone upon,

I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades."

His genuine love of mankind expressed in such poems as these makes him the true spokesman of democracy. For in his heart he was a democrat long before his mind procured him re-inforcements from political or scientific theory. One has but to read the prose, "Democratic Vistas," to be assured of this. There is revealed there, to my fancy at least, the picture of a prophet brooding over the future of his countrymen no less impressive than any save only Jesus weeping over Jerusalem.

Readers of Whitman have found most offence in those poems in which he pushes a truth to its conclusion; such as, "I sing the body electric," "A Man's Body at Auction," "A Woman Waits for Me," etc., published under the title: "Children

of Adam." What theology was for Emerson, science became for Whitman, and Whitman was no dilettante, extracting delicately only what could be turned to moral or poetical account. He would never have given utterance to those lines of Wordsworth, in the "Ode to Duty."

"Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads,"

for the simple reason that they express only a part of the truth—and to him the bloom and fragrance were not the only parts worthy to be sung. He had caught the relentless spirit of science, that spirit of the truth-lover who must and will see the remotest conclusions of phenomena. For him all parts and functions of the body are equal in importance and in dignity since the body must be in harmony with itself before the soul can properly dwell in it. If this were *naivete* we could forgive it, though placing our hand over the innocent mouth. But it is deliberate, and so we are tremendously shocked.

When I ingenuously mention the "poetry" of Whitman, people smile forgivingly. I presume they have dipped into a volume of his and having read some such line as,

"I send my barbaric yawp over the roof of the world"

consider that they have him right there. Alas, they miss him entirely. Poetic images through long use have certain connotations. Rhythms are bound up with moods and ideas. The true artist realizes this and for the greater clearness of his expression allows his language and diction to connote no other literature or epoch than that to which his subject at the moment belongs. Whitman wished to express the prospect of science and of democracy and the future of man. A continent was to be sung, with its immense forests, great lakes, majestic rivers, wide rolling prairies, and teeming, varied population. Could all this ample, throbbing song be cramped into iambics, or dactyls, or even the heretofore most majestic blank verse? He thought not. From his love of Homer, and Ossian, and the Psalms, came perhaps a suggestion for free rhythms and he based these on the model of the recitative in the opera and oratorio. To those who prefer the tinklings of feudalism and the honey dripping lute, this sort of poetry does not appeal. But Whitman nevertheless has quite a following. His short pieces have been made into songs. These are sung even in conservative old Toronto. There are Whitman symphonies and tone poems by both European and American composers.

Some day, perhaps, we Westerners will stop swallowing whole an imported civilization and culture, and suffering the consequent indigestion. We will renounce our art shibboleths, our worship of Greek sculpture, Italian painting, French literature, and English titles, and begin right here at home to build up a native civilization and culture, all founded on man, say, and not property. If we do, Walt Whitman will be at once a source of inspiration and a fount of pleasure.

College Girl Notes

The girls of the University have enjoyed several social functions lately. On March 17 they entertained the wives of the Faculty at a St. Patrick's Tea, and enjoyed the privilege of meeting them very much. On the following Friday they bade farewell to the '17 Girls at a tea in their honor. They were given Kewpie favors as a reward for various "stunts," and an interesting prophecy was read concerning the fate of each. Needless to say, there were delicious "eats."

Then, on Saturday, March 24, the Third and Fourth Year girls were the guests of the University Women's Club at the home of Miss Long. They were very much pleased to meet those who have attained the goal before.

The new officers of the U.C.S. are:

Honorary President—Mrs. Tui.
President—Marjorie Horner.
Vice-President—Bessie Bulman.
Press Reporter—Florence Williams.
Athletics—Nora Bell.
Secretary—Dorothy MacKay.
Tennis—Edith Gray.
Poster—Tannis Carson.
Gymnasium—Elsie Trescott.
Hockey—Alice Qualby.

BASKETBALL

On the 22nd of March our fate with regard to the much-prized Basket-ball cup was most sadly sealed by the Agricultural team. All our previous good luck seemed to have fled on that fateful day, for we lost the game by only one point. When the final whistle blew the score stood at 15-14, but, alas, in favor of M.A.C. The game was played in the Kelvin gym, and all our girls played a good game, especially in the last half, as at the end of the first half the score stood at 5-4 for M.A.C. The spectators were many, and it was noticed that the '20 Class seemed much at home in their surroundings. Towards the end of the game, all the spectators went entirely mad, but at the result the M.A.C. crowd ascended, and the 'Varsity descended to sanity. Next year, however, we hope that it will be our turn to ascend and our opponents to come down. W.W., '19.

Y.W.C.A. NOTES

The new Y.W.C.A. cabinet has been chosen, and we predict a successful year with such capable, earnest officers to guide affairs. The cabinet is as follows:

President—Merle Norsworthy.
Honorary President—Mrs. D. Wheeler.
Vice-Presidents—Marion Dent and Edith Gray.
Treasurer—Tannis Carson.
Social Service—Elsie Henderson.
Bible Study—Edith Moody.
Mission Study—Vera Patrick.
Association News—Aileen Hackett.
Social—Doris Harris.
Postermaker—Jessie MacTavish.
Conference—

The last general meeting of the Y.W. was held on March 21st. The reports of the various committees were read, and were very encouraging.

The retiring president, Miss Olive Switzer, to whose untiring energy whatever success we have had this year is largely due, was informed that the girls desired to show their appreciation by presenting her with a Life Membership to the Y.W.C.A. The new president was then formally introduced to the meeting and was enthusiastically received. Our best wishes and ready aid should be at the disposal of the new cabinet. E.B., '18.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT

The following is a letter received by a teacher in Augustine Sunday School from a Chinese student there. It purports to be a letter of thanks and acknowledgment for the gift of a Chinese translation of the Gospel according to St. John received by this Chinese boy through the medium of another Chinaman whom this teacher taught.

Dr. Mrs—

1917

I heard my cousin to Said you are like me to come to Sunday School in augustine Church I wish be come but cannot I am to go young Church I have teacher on Sunday School I learned from her I like her teach very much the teacher like me to go and all time. but after Sunday School I seen Lee Hong at the Place He said his two book from you. The Gospel of st. john. Lee Hong said you are very kindness He think you Very much I hope you and all teacher quite well I like see you some day

You sincerely

Lee Shun
City

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RECOGNIZE ANY OF YOURS HERE?

Some choice specimens of answers to examination papers quoted in the "University Correspondent."

Tennyson, the greatest Roman prose-writer that ever lived, wrote the "Iliad," and "Paradise Lost."

Milton, when twelve years old, wrote a hymn beginning "Letters from a Gladstone Mind!"

There are three kinds of Downs in England—North Downs, South Downs, and Eider Downs.

Henry VIII was very fat besides being a non-comformist!

Magna Charta means the Queen had lost her garter; the French is *honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Cologne is famous for the odor made there.

To germinate is to become a naturalized German.

A refugee keeps order at a football match.

People often lose their consciences when they are ill.

Lyons is a city noted for tea.

Australia sends to England wine made from a bird named the Emu.

Bombardier Wells is a great writer about the future.

Charles I was going to marry the infanta of Spain. He went to see her, and Shakespeare says he never smiled again.

Cecil Rhodes founded Boadicea.

Charles II told the people they could get drunk and gamble and do what they liked. That was called the Restoration.

The King was not to order taxis without the consent of Parliament.

Masculine, man; feminine, woman; neuter, corpse.

The Inquisitions were customs duties levied by James I.

The Philistines are islands in the Pacific.

"Boys to guide the plough and pen," means boys to plough and look after the fowls.

Togoland belongs to Japan.

The Examiner's life isn't such a bad lot after all, is it?

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA MENORAH SOCIETY

The University of Manitoba Menorah Society may truly congratulate itself upon the remarkable success it has had during its infancy. With the praiseworthy assistance of members of the Faculty the society has been able to conduct a series of splendid lectures. Some of the speakers and their subjects were:

Dr. J. H. Heinzelmann—Lessing and Mendelssohn.
Prof. Chester B. Martin—The French Revolution and Jewish Emancipation.

Prof. C. E. Muller—The Bible and the Theatre.

The choice of subjects, as remarked, were of a wide and varied nature, and the good attendance at the meetings is evidence enough of the appreciation felt by the students for the lectures. Menorah is greatly indebted to the Faculty for the interest taken in their society and trusts that the members of the Faculty may see fit to continue their valued assistance in the future.

The term is rapidly drawing to a close, and the present executive must needs withdraw in favor of a new board of officers for 1917-18. In doing so the retiring executive feels certain that the University of Manitoba Menorah Society, after receiving such a splendid start, is well assured of even greater success for the future.

The Executive for 1917-18:

President—S. Helman, B.A.

Vice-President—Miss G. Caminetsky.

Secretary—H. Sapper.

Treasurer—N. C. Levin.

Council—A. Wershoff, C. Abramovich, L. Seipp.

C.A., '17.

Rev. Mr.—went for a shave on Monday morning. The barber was just sobering up after a Sunday's spree, and his hand was pretty shaky; he scratched and drew blood. "Oh, John, John, said the divine, that awful whisky."

"Aye Minister," was the reply, "it makes the skin very tender."

New Song for Freshmen

Tra la la, Tra la la!

Tra la la la, la,

Tum-tee, tum tum,

Tra, la.

P.G.H.



Class Prophecy

To the Members of the '17 Class

May our dear classmates, who are about to roam
From this "Hall of Learning," which has been their home
For the past four years—full to the brim,
Of lectures, and study, with some fun thrown in—
Please bear with us patiently while we all take a look,
At their futures, spread before us, like an open book,
And determine the fate of one and all
Whether blonde, or brunette, short or tall,
Whether stylish, or dowdy, fat or thin,
With a long scrawny neck, or a short double chin,
Whether author, missionary, or wife so dear,
Or have crowds go nightly, her singing to hear,
Or if she will lecture, or be all the rage,
Dancing upon some foreign stage,
Just wait a few moments, and you'll be told,
What good fortune for you, the future will hold.

Now listen carefully and I'll tell you quick,
What happened to little Marion Borthwick,
She soon fell in love, and its really true,
She now bosses a husband, standing six feet two.

I know you'll wonder when you hear me say
What happened to Irene Galloway;
She travelled around, looking trim and neat,
From the crown of her head to the soles of her feet;
She was a great hustler, and made things hum,
And earned a fine living selling chewing gum.

Ruth Rundle, as a singer, for herself made a name,
Great crowds each night to hear her, came,
She warbled before Kings and Princes too,
And showed Dukes and Duchesses what she could do;
All the nobility to her concerts came,
And she won for herself undying fame.

Now Enid and Isobel, the Christie pair,
Loved the same man and it seemed hardly fair,
To divide the poor fellow right through the middle
In the effort to solve this perplexing riddle;
They decided to toss up, and the one who should win
Could have the felicity of wedding "Him."
So Enid was wed, 'midst joy and laughter,
While Isobel remained single forever after,
Devoting her life to her nephews and nieces,
Till she was worn to a frazzle, and all went to pieces.
The moral of this you can plainly guess—
Each girl must look out for her own happiness.

It was hard to find, whether at home or afar,
A girl as handsome as Helen Parr;
And so stylish she is, that I haven't a doubt
That her gowns are always written about.
She'll not live in Winnipeg, more's the pity,
For she sets the styles in New York City.
And it's wonderful, when you think she hadn't a dud
When she came down to live on this old ball of mud.

Eva McKiver, and Ruth Johnston, too,
Started for Chicago with this end in view,
To clean up that city, and put to flight
The rogues and crooks who ply their trade by night.
Soon crime was lessened, and rogues became few,
And these girls soon felt they had nothing to do.
So dull was Chicago they were filled with despair.
So Ruth married an alderman and Eva the mayor.

Now Ruth Winkler for China sailed away,
And among the Chinks for years she will stay,
Teaching the heathen to read and write,
And doing her duty with all her might;
She is contented and busy, and happy to think
She can eat rice with chop sticks as well as a Chink.

Jessie Thompson and Lena Bryan decided to go
And study Art, in Tokio.
Their friends insisted that they stay nearer home,
Or if determined to paint, why not go to Rome,
Where they would have the advantage of the finest teachers
But to Lena the Dagoes seemed such dirty creatures;
Jessie declared for herself she cared not a rap,
But she knew Lena loved the slant-eyed Jap;
She admired his brown face, and his straight black hair,
So to Japan they would go, as they would be happier there.
So they packed their trunks and off they went
Away so far to the Orient.
Soon Lena annexed a brown-faced Jappy,
And declares she is most ridiculously happy;
Jessie says forever, she'll be wedded to her Art,
So, for her, there can be no affair of the heart.

Of course you remember how Hildred Ross,
Was ambitious to become a Political Boss,
Lecturing and shouting for "woman's rights."
She never would marry, so she could stay out nights
Attending all meetings, so she could carefully note
The very best way for women to vote;
For the cause of suffrage, she was willing to mix,
In any old kind of politics,
But her political ambitions were knocked on the head,
For she married—and now lectures her husband instead.

You remember a lassie named Sweet Marie,
It was also Hamilton, but you can plainly see
That amounted to little, as she declared she would
Change the Hamilton as soon as she could;
So she started to search for her Ideal Man,
But finally married an American.
She was very ambitious and soon was bent
Upon having her husband become President;
She planned and schemed, using methods off shady,
To aid her in becoming the "White House Lady."
She failed to realize the dream of her life,
But is content to be just a senator's wife.

Marion Cumming persuaded Hazel Richardson
To travel to the Land of the Midnight Sun
And lives in a nice little hut of snow
Away up among the Esquimaux.
They travelled by dog train, a thousand miles or more,
Till at last they reached the Arctic shore,
When Hazel refused to eat the blubber;
She said it tasted too much like rubber;
As it was all they had when they sat down to dine,
Myzie declared that blubber was fine,
And like a sensible girl, she reasoned thus—
Nothing's ever gained by making a fuss;
But she flatly refused, when Old Chief Moses,
Expected, of course, she would be willing to rub noses;
For the mode of salutation, in the far north lands,
Is to rub noses, the same as we shake hands—
The girls started in to teach the natives to speak
English, and French, Latin and Greek;
When they found how quickly they were getting on
They started on Logic and Pol. Econ.
Their object was, it is plain to see,
To enable them to enter our Universitee.

Sometimes we laugh, and sometimes we sigh,
When we remember what we thought of Margery MacKay
Always, we declared, she was far too good
For human nature's daily food;
Far from this wicked world, she ought to fly,
To be an angel in the sky.
And we felt that none too soon
She should get her harp in tune,
For ere long, we felt safe in saying,
Among the angels she'd be playing.
But "nothing doing" in the angel stuff;
Of being serious, she'd had quite enough,
She said it was time she was having a fling,
That upon the stage she would dance and sing,
So she learned to tango, and as likely as not
It was she who invented the latest fox trot.
To the Hay Market in London you'll have to go
If you would see her tripping lightly, the fantastic toe.

And now we are finished, here ends the chapter,
There is only this to say—they lived happy forever after.

Campus Notes

'17 CLASS

Here we are at the last great stand. We have fought a good fight and finished the course, henceforth there is laid up for us . . . what? Years of service and of happiness. We have passed through seasons of discipline and now must stand beyond it, no doubt with a clearer eye to the wider vision, a healthier glow in the face, greater gentleness in the touch, larger optimism in the heart and a new consecration in the life.

Sweet memories sink away in the heart and hide there. Merry as Freshmen, rollicking and boisterous as Sophs, and now serious besides as Seniors, we have memories of to-days for our to-morrows. Farewell the class yells, the parties, the sports; old age will be brightened and sweetened by the memories of early University days. While we indulge in reverie and might in a lighter vein try to forecast individual experiences of every type from the serious to the comic of one thing we are sure and that is that the pleasant things we have filled our lives with during those years will prove blessings laid up for old age.

Between now and then we say good luck to ye girls, more power to your elbow, boys, God bless ye professors, and keep smiling everybody.

Mr. Perry to Levin in *Old English*—"How did the 'I' get there Mr. Levin?" Levin, hesitatingly—"Verner's Law." Mr. Perry—"By a leavening process, Mr. Levin."

'18 NOTES

A Perfect Day

Lunch at the Patricia. A leisurely stroll to Russell-Langs, followed by the purchase of a thrilling book of War Poems.

High-class drama at the Lyceum and Another Stroll.

A Perfect Day—on that you May Bank.

Mr. Muller, closing the windows in Room 12 (on which are carefully written the irregularities in French verbs)—"Those Freshmen!! I wondered how they knew their verbs so well. 'If you can't be good, be careful' the motto says. They're being careful."

Mr. Muller (looking at the chalk)—"This chalk is awful. My teeth will emigrate from my mouth soon."

Reporter—"Have you any jokes in Pol. Econ.?"

Student—"Yes, they're all jokes."

E.M. and M.N. hope they'll go to heaven. The worst punishment they can imagine is eternally collecting money.

Now comes on the season of exams, colds, wet feet, bankruptcy, and new hats in every window. No wonder the '18's are too depressed to be funny.

For April ushers in exams—
That spectre grim and grand
Which sheds its fell, malignant sway
O'er a once happy land.
So if you see Despair enthroned,
You'll not misunderstand.

I.T., '18.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
The winds are soft, the woods are fair,
The sun is bright and clear.
Yet all the same gloom reigns supreme—
The outlook is so drear.

Mad is the merry month of March,
But April brings its showers,
While tears and moans and heartfelt sighs
Bewail the ill-spent hours!
O pity the sad student heart,
O'er which the shadow towers.

If a bomb fell in a field in England
and a bull ate it, wouldn't that be—
Abominable!

Dr. Crawford (during English lecture,
speaking of Polonius family)—
W.B.—"Where is Mrs. Polonius?"
H.K.—"Playing tag in the graveyard."
Voice down the line—"Who with?"
W.B.—"Hamlet's ghost."

'20 CLASS

Military Notes

After Capt. Alton had given a long discourse on the "salute," one respectful youth remarked, "Yes. In fact we're winning the war by saluting."

Two nifty "Janes" crossed the parade grounds and it was "eyes right!" Soon afterwards two gayly plumed chickens flew across in front and a grin went down the line, and when Lieut. D— couldn't keep from smiling, Capt. R-t-n remarked: "And some fellows stay away from drill."

We'd like to know—
Who put the core in Corigan?
Who put the stew in Stewart?

Among our many amusements we have a "Toy" and a "Play-Ford."

To keep up with the Joneses, eat "Ham" and wear "Motley."

Dr. W-r-n (at 11.57 Firday)—"This is the equation of a circle which we will discuss next week—or perhaps this week."

Did he expect us to volunteer for a Saturday lecture?



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Patient—"Can you give me a cure for somnambulism?"

Medical graduate—"You might try insomnia."

Sherman Was Right

Senior—"This war is terrible. Every boy I know has joined the C.O.T.C. and is going to Camp Hughes this Summer."

At the Engineers' Ball

He—"Shall we talk or dance?"
She—"I am very tired. Let us dance."

PHARMACY NOTES

The examination in practical Bio-chemistry was "pulled off" on Wednesday and as a starter it was a heart-breaker. Here's to hoping the theoretical is easier.

Has anyone stopped to consider how lonely it will be next year, when there will be no "Pat" Shane to close the windows and be general chore boy.

Just to remind the University Council that the gas chamber in the Chemistry lecture room is again becoming dirty, and is liable to walk away at any time.

Some people take a whole lot of evidence to be convinced that they are no good at certain things; for instance, Spratt and Heaslip have been trying to convince Harman during the past few months that he can't play "snooker."

That's just our luck. This seeding business does not apply to Pharmacy students. Perhaps it is that our profession must be protected from persons who have not been authentically examined.

It must be very disappointing, after summoning courage to enlist and then be turned down as physically unfit. This is what happened to Jim Spratt. His hockey knee would not allow him to go overseas. Jim signed up with the 76th battery but was turned down for the above reason.

Morley Hobbs has left the farm, where he goes semi-yearly to study, in seclusion. Good luck to you, and may the "hardware" still be with you.

"Ode" as Described

At last the time has come when we must consider our College days at an end. It comes with a mingled feeling of joy and regret, as we look over the days spent in the University, but keenly anticipating what the future has in store for us.

When we entered the course two years ago we knew there was hard work ahead of us and imagined it as a long drawn out period of hardship, but realization soon took the place of imagination and the time consequently slipped by, and now it seems but a few days ago since we entered upon our College career.

During the first year of our College life we had the benefit of the able guidance of the '16's, but on entering the second year we were left to our own resources and we had to take things as they came. Still we were to appear as a guiding star to the Freshmen, and so we have been kept busy. The U.M.S.A. has always had the hearty support of the '17's and we have taken

part in all its social or athletic activities, and have also had several inter-class social gatherings which have all been successful.

Our course of instruction has been one brim full of interest, and from the first lecture on Prescriptions, September 22, 1915, to our last lecture in Botany, April 5, 1917, the professors have been successful in keeping the interest alive. The course is recognized by authorities as being second to none in North America, and is equal, in fact it is the same course as given to Pharmacists in the Universities of Europe. Although we cannot claim the initial honors, we pose as the second class to graduate from a University two-year course in the British Empire.

Now, all College pleasures must be put aside if we are to launch ourselves into the business world successfully. But as we look into the future and wonder what it has in store for us, we remember the many happy days spent in the old "U."

We cannot suppress a felling of deep

gratitude towards those men who have freely given of their knowledge, for our benefit, and it is our sincere wish that we may prove worthy of their teachings.

The following words are just a rearrangement of the letters of the initial word:

Astronomers—No more stars.
Catalogues—Got as a clue.
Elegant—Neat leg.
Impatient—Tim in a pet.
Immediately—I met my Delia.
Matrimony—Into my arm.
Midshipman—Mind his map.
Parliament—Partial men.
Penitentiary—Nay I repent.
Revolution—To love ruin.
Sweetheart—There we sat.
Telegraphs—Great helps.

A group of medical students were passing along the avenue. They observed two of their chums in the centre of a crowd rendering first aid to a woman who had fainted. "Hallo! has she kicked the bucket?" they shouted to

their pals. "No," was the reply, "she has just turned a little pail."

Lost near the Arts Building an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a broken rib and a bone handle.

Said she, "There's a gentleman with a wooden leg named Brown wants to see you."

"Indeed! what's the name of his other leg?"

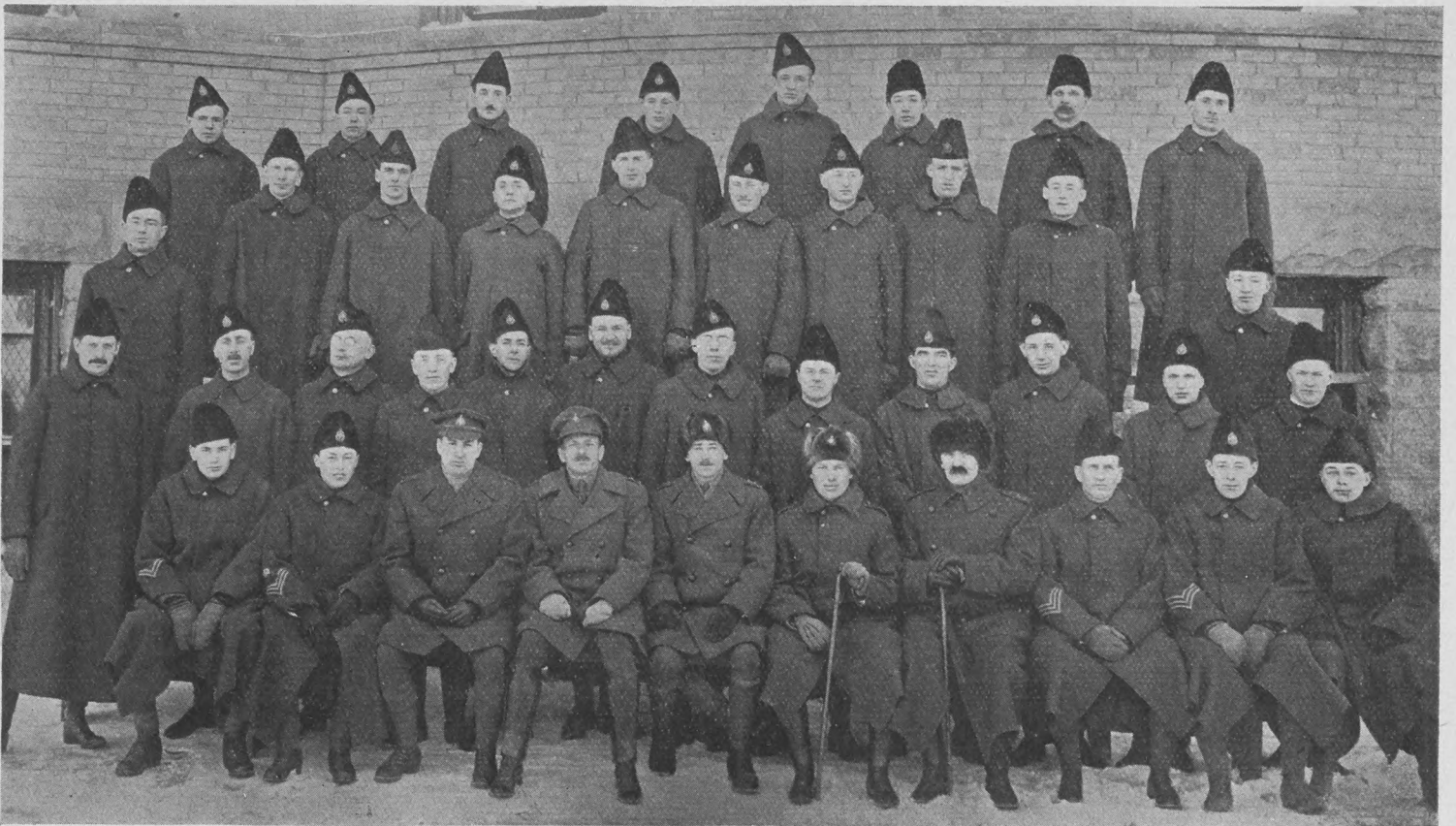
Sandy on board ship for first time and mighty sick. Sympathizer—"Heck man Sandy, are ye sick?" Sandy in an aggrieved tone—"D'ye think I'm doing this for fun?"

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